THE AERONAUT.

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ALCANDRIANA.

No. III.

We continue our extracts from the works of the unfortunate youth, the general incidents of whose character we gave, in his own words in a former number. The present paper contains fragments of what were themselves fragments. They

were written in the earlier period of his life, and relate to scenes into which all young men are more or less drawn, when in the voyage of life, the bark trembles on that fabled sea of Stygian mariners, where the skill of the helmsman is insufficient to avoid the magnetic mountain, where surface is beautiful in the effulgence of day, but slippery and treacherous indeed!

No. I

May 17—.

Where the Glaciers rise terrific
Mingling with the deep blue sky,
Where the vision beatific
Seems to open on the eye,
While beneath, the chasm is yawning
Where each sound in echo dies
In whose night there is no dawning
Till unsphered their planet flies—
Such the road that youth must tread
Heaven expands above his head—
Hell beneath him—dark and dread!

Oh! it is but one false step
That shall plunge him - deep - lord deep!

No. II.

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Break the ignoble bond
And spurn the fetters vile!
Direct thy steadfast gaze beyond
The flimsy veil of guile!
The champion of the race
On whom the Godhead shone,
Before the terrors of whose face
The Infidel had flown -
Could burst the chords that bound
And stood forth in his might,
Their hopes an idle dream they found
And vanish'd at the sight!
A chain of adamant
A woman weak and pale,
And he, whose soul lusts could not daunt
Confess'd an idle flame -
The mightiest of the mighty fell,
The mockery of the Infidel!

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No. III.

It is the high hour when the fiend is abroad
And when murder is waking for prey,
When the moonbeam all clearly the spectre hath
showed,
As he comes his dread message to say—
When the horrible wings of the vampire are heard
As the cold air of night by his pinions is stirr'd!

There came a pure spirit from yon blessed sphere
Where crime never sullied its crystalline sphere,
On earth's flaming border he lingered afar
As he marked the foul shades that were wandering
here—
And his light plumes grew heavy, his vision grew dim
As he lit where the torches threw round a red gleam.

By the glare he beheld how the phantoms flit by
And coldly their form clouded that spirit so fair,
But he looked on each hero and he looked on each eye,
And he thought that the fire of the demon was
there
And to linger he dared not in that fell abode
As he heard them blaspheme the high name
of their God

I le gaz'd on the face of a youth - it was pale
As the snow that the moonbeam is sleeping upon,
And wild o'er it quick flashes uncalled for prevail
That came like the lightning & vanish'd as soon -
O! it was but the fire in the heart of the son
It spoke not in terror the wrath of yon heaven!

As the spirit flew upwards, he heal'd in the
youth,
And he rush'd from the glare and the horrible
mirth -
On, on to his sphere, went that spirit of truth
As she shook from his wings the contagion of earth -
Oh! did he bear with him that wanderer's sigh,
To plead with the angel of mercy on high!

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No. IV.

April 17 —

Wake my lyre! too long neglected,
Thou who erst hadst power to charm,
Ere thy gentle voice rejected
Boded bale and coming harm!

Thou couldst charm my boyhood's hours
Tho' like them the numbers fled—
Yet the minstrel mind their powers
While unheeded all they sped.

Light as childhoods airy step,
Fleeting as its wildest dream,
Now neglected all they slept
In oblivion's sullen stream.

Can we, from the scroll of ages
Tear the leaf and write again,
Can we, from time's awful pages
Blot out one undying stain.

Can we, from the eternal stream
Gather all the foliage dry,
Bid it, on its native stem
Bloom in its luxuriancy?

Can the songster waft her strain
Cheerful on the boughs all blasted,
Which they budded, bloom'd in vain,
On the whirlwinds pinions wasted.

Thou! who bad'st the fig tree wear
Blossom bear or verdure yield,
O! renew thy spirit here,
Ere the dooms decree is seal'd!

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No. V

Offspring thou of giant veins—*
Thy who heav'd the Thunderer!
Still thy pow'r rebellious reigns
Base, unhallowed murderer!
Hence with wanton gait and motion!
Hence with loathsome crown degrading!
Hence across the rolling ocean
Afric's deepest realms pervading!
There, all human speech forgetting,
Brutes unconscious convers holds—
Hence afar! for there 'tis fitting
Thy unmanly tale be told!

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[The following piece is not presumed entirely

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* The Egyptians supposed that wine sprung from the blood of the giants.

unconnected with Alcander's story. It is entitled

THE CURSE OF AMERICA]

No. VI

Freedom's blest land has found its foes
Fatning Freedom's native plain
Broad as Plata's torrent wide
Where its giant waters ride
Darkening, to the hearing main!

Europe's sons shall curse that hour
When in dust our cities sleep,
When the storms of vengeance lower
When Disease awful power
Fathers wives and children weep!

Chimborazo up to heaven
Hurls his fiery deluge high—
But a mightier thirst is given
When for one quick blasting levin
Shall the agonized sigh!

Tainted runs the sacred wave
And the fountain is impure
That the beautiful and brave
Mockery of the Continents grave
Makes corruption premature!

Spoiler! when the harmless pay
Dark atonement for thy sin,
Following in thy headlong way
when the fiery vein shall play
Quite its blameless course begin—

Then, when children curse their sires
Vengeance bursting on their head,
Think on her who nurs'd expires,
She who to her central fires
Hath beneath thy caprine bled!

[We are better pleased with the following effusions; as they appear to have been written in the calm and Sabbath of the mind: when, if poetical inspiration be less vigorous, it is more beautiful; if less brilliant, more lovely. and if the smile of the fair, is the meed the minstrel seeks for, it is won in such an hour, and the strains then produced are such, as the lips of beauty love to repeat.]

No. VII

~~Sweetest~~ are the tears of early morn
when trembling bright on yonder thorn—

And such as childhood's cheek the tear,
That leaves such lilly memorial there

And sweet the tear, when shades retire
Beneath a chaster planet's ray—
Such beauty sheds on valor's urn
When wrath and glory fade away.

But when the storms tumultuous cease
When every flow'r lifts up its head,
O! sweeter is the tear of peace
That trembles in its opening bed—

The sun mounts in his car of gold
He shakes the dew drops from our feet—
Rapture is dull, and sound cold,
The tear of Penitence is sweet!

No. VIII.

TO PEACE

O come blest Spirit from the bowers
Where angels harp in starry chors
And gild the swiftly hurrying hours
With chaster, purer fires!
My voice is in the whisp'ring gale
When morn beams bright & fair
My music is the village bell
That calls to prayr.

Than moves along the dimpled lake
That calmly glides with gentlest course
That no unruly whirlwinds wake
To surges loud and hoarse.
So in the good man's chrystal breast
Wakes charity alone,
And in the Sabbath of that rest
Is built thy throne!

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No. IX

I gaz'd on the northern blue eyed maid
And a wild witchery round her play'd;
The glances each that about her stray
Were bright as the radiant eye of day!
I gazed on the languishing southron fair
Its darkly entrancing glee looked on me there—
And there's nothing pure in the vow of love
If it be not heard and approv'd above!

I gaz'd on the glittering wealth of Ind,
Its magic the powers of earth can bind;

And man bowed to it and woman adored
And nations worshipped before the Lord.
Its ray is dimmed in the blazing tide—
Better D! better, in depths untried
In the darksome mine had it never been sought—
Of Mercy and Pity hallow it not!

I gaz'd on the mighty Lore of Time
I bowed before its priests sublime,
Where the fanes of Balbec crumbling lie
And the Pyramids tow'r in scorn on high!
'Tis the glare of the torch in caverns dread
In the cave where dismal rites are said—
False science! thy lustre but withers the rod,
If it be not lit at the throne of God!

S.